



ELLY AMELING

SOPRANO

DALTON BALDWIN, PIANO

FRANZ SCHUBERT

I

Auf dem Wasser zu singen (D.774; 1823)
Auf dem See (D.543; 1817)
Erlafsee (D.586; 1817)
Der Schmetterling (D.633; c 1819)

II

Das Mädchen (D.652; 1819)
Die Liebende schreibt (D.673; 1819)
Amalia (D.195; 1815)
Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen (D.239, No. 6; 1815)
Nähe des Geliebten (D.162; 1815)
Die Männer sind méchant! (D.866, No. 3; 1826)

--INTERMISSION--

III

SONGS ON TEXTS BY GOETHE:

Vier Gesänge der Mignon: (D.877; 1826-1827)
Kennst du das Land
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Heiss mich nicht reden
so lasst mich scheinen

IV

Heidenröslein (D.257; 1815)
Suleika's zweiter Gesang: Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen (D.717; 1821)
Die Vögel (D.691; 1820)
Gretchen's Bitte (D.564; 1817)
Gretchen am Spinnrade (D.118; 1814)
Der Musensohn (D.764; 1822)

Philips, RCA, London, Angel, Odeon, EMI, Columbia
Harmonia Mundi, Iramac, Donemus, BASF

SHELDON SOFFER MANAGEMENT, INC.
130 West 56th Street
New York, New York 10019

Auf dem Wasser zu singen
To be sung on the Water
Text by: Friedrich Leopold Graf
zu Stolberg

Amidst the shimmer of mirroring
waves
swan-like glides the wavering skiff;
ah, on joy's gently shimmering waves
the soul goes gliding on like the
skiff;
for from heaven onto the waves
the evening glow dances around the
skiff.

Over the tops of the westerly wood,
friendly beckons the reddish gleam,
beneath the branches of the easterly
wood
the sweet-flag murmurs in the reddish
gleam;
the joy of heaven, the peace of the
wood
the soul inhales in the redding gleam.

Alas, away on dewy wings
from me on the rocking waves flees
time.

Tomorrow away on shimmering wings
as yesterday, as today, again will
flee time,
until I upon loftier, radiant wings
myself shall flee the changing time.

Auf dem See
On the Lake
Text by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I take from the free world fresh food and
new blood;
Nature, which I clasp to myself, is so
pleasant and good.

The waves cradle our boat in its rhythm
And mountains, wrapped in clouds, meet
our path.

My eyes, why are you lowered?
Golden dreams are returning.
Away, o dreams, though you are golden;
here also are love and life.

The waves sparkle like a thousand floating
stars;
soft mists are around the infinite spaces;
Morning winds envelope the shady bay;
The ripening fruit mirrors itself in the
lake.

X
Erlafsee
Erlaf Lake
Text by: Johann Mayrhofer

So glad I feel, so sad,
by quiet Erlaf lake:
holy the spruce boughs' silence,
motionless by the blue lap,
only cloud shadows flit
over the dark mirror,
fresh winds crinkle the water
and paler glitters the sun's gold
crown.

So glad I feel, so sad,
by quiet Erlaf lake.

X
Der Schmetterling
The Butterfly
Text by: Friedrich von Schlegel

Why shouldn't I dance?
It is not hard, and beautiful colors
gleam in the green.
My multi-colored wings shine more
beautifully, and all the
blossoms breathe more sweetly.

I taste the flowers;
You cannot protect them.

How great is the joy, early or late,
to hover carelessly over valleys
and hills.

When the evening whispers
you see clouds glowing;
If the breeze is golden,
the grass seems greener.

I taste the flowers;
You cannot protect them.

Das Mädchen
The Maiden

*flauten
heißt*

Text by: Friedrich von Schlegel

I would like to say how sincerely
my love gives himself to me
so as to soothe my complaint that he
doesn't love me sincerely
when I try to say it
it soars away from me.
If I had the tones, it would flow in
harmony
for in every tone it lives.
Only the nightengale can say
how ardently he gives himself to me
so as to soothe my complaint that he
doesn't love me sincerely.

Die Liebende schreibt

The Beloved writes

Text by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

A look from your eyes into mine,
a kiss from your mouth upon my mouth,
who, like me, is assured of these,
can aught else delight her?

Far from you, a stranger to my own,
constantly I let my thoughts range round,
and always to that hour do they return,
that only hour; then I begin to weep.

Abruptly those tears dry up again:
his love, I think, he sends into this
silence.

Should you not reach into the distance?

Hark to the whisper of this wafting love;
your will is my sole happiness on earth,
your loving will towards me; give me a sign!

Amalia

Text by: Friedrich von Schiller

Beautiful as angels
filled with Valhall's rapture,
More beautiful than all the youths,
He was heavenly gentle.
His glance as Maytime's sun
Shining back from the blue-mirrored sea
And his kisses feel like Paradise!

As two flames that seize each other,
As harp tones that play
One within another in Heavenly harmony
Spirit and spirit plunged, flew,
And lips fused, cheeks burned, trembled
Soul melted into soul
Earth and heaven swirled around the lovers.

He is gone!

Vainly, oh vainly, anguished sighs and
groans follow him

He is gone!

And all life's joy runs out in a
forlorn sigh!

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen

Love streams in all paths

Text by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Love throngs every path;
Faithfulness lives for itself alone;
Love rushes up to you,
Faithfulness has to be sought out.

Nähe des Geliebten

Nearness of the Beloved

Text by: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I think of you when the shimmering sun
gleams from the sea;
I think of you when the glittering moon
is mirrored in streams.

I see you when, on the distant road,
dust rises;
at dead of night when, on the distant
road, dust rises;
at dead of night when, on the narrow
path, the traveller trembles.

I hear you where, with muffled roar,
the wave rears up.
Often in the quiet wood I wander,
hearkening, when all is still.

I am with you, however far you be,
you are close to me!
The sun sets, soon the stars will shine.
Oh, were you here!

Die Männer sind mechant!

All Men are wanton Rouges

Text by: Johann Gabriel Seidl

You said it to me, mother:
he is a good-for-nothing!
I wouldn't believe your words,
until I'd come to grief!

Oh, yes, it's really true;
he had me fooled, and how!
You told it to me mother:
All men are wanton rouges!

Yesterday out yonder,
at silent twilight hour,
a murmuring "Hello, dear"
and murmured thanks returned.

I crept up close and listened,
I stood there, paralyzed:
there he was with another.
"All men are wanton rogues!"

O mother, what a torture!
it must be told, it must:
it didn't end with whispers,
it didn't end with greetings!

From greetings it came to kissing,
from kissing to holding hands,
from this - oh, dearest mother!
All men are wanton rogues!

INTERMISSION

Songs on texts by Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Vier Gesänge der Mignon Four Songs of Mignon

Kennst du das Land?
Do you know the land?

Do you know the land where the lemons
blossom?
Where golden oranges glow among the dark
leaves,
a soft breeze blows from the blue sky,
and the still myrtle and the tall laurels
grow?

Do you know it?
There, there I long to go with you,
my love.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests
on pillars,
the hall gleams, the roof glistens,
and marble statues stand and look at me:
"What have they done to you, poor child?"
Do you know it?
There, there I long to go with you,
my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloud-
girt path?
The mule picks its way in the mist;
caves hold the ancient brood of dragons,
the rock falls sheer and the torrent over it!
Do you know it?
There, there lies our way --
O father, let us go!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Only he who knows longing

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Only he who knows longing

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off from all joy
I look to the firmament on yonder side.

He who loves and knows me is far away.
But I am giddy, my vitals burn.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!

Heiss mich nicht reden
Do not bid me speak

Do not bid me speak -- bid me be silent!
To keep my secret is my duty.
I would like to show you all my mind;
but fate will not have it so.

At the appointed time the sun's course
dispels nocturnal darkness,
and it must grow bright;
the hard rock opens its bosom
and does not grudge the earth the deeply
hidden springs.

Everyone seeks rest in the arms of a friend,
where the heart can pour out its laments;
but my lips are sealed by an oath
and only a god may open them.

So lasst mich scheinen . . .
Let me appear to be an angel

Let me appear an angel until I become one!
Do not take my white robe from me.
I am hurrying from the lovely earth
to the solid dwelling you know of.

There, for a while, I will rest in silence;
then, refreshed, my eyes will open;
I shall leave the pure white raiment,
the girdle and the wreath behind.

And those heavenly forms
will not ask if I am man or woman,
and no clothes, no folds
will encumber my transfigured body.

True, I have lived without trouble or care,
but I felt deep pain enough.
With sorrow I grew old too early,
Make me forever young again!

Heidenröslein
The Hedge Rose

A boy saw a wild rose growing
wild rose on the heath;
it was so young in its morning beauty
that he ran to look at it more closely;
he gazed at it with great pleasure.
Rosebud red, rosebud on the heath.

The lad said: "I'll pick you,
rosebud on the heath!"
The rosebud said: "I'll prick you,
so that you will always think of me,
and I won't regret it."
Rosebud red, rosebud on the heath.

And the brutal lad picked
the rosebud on the heath;
the rosebud defended itself and pricked,
yet no grief and lamentation helped it:
it simply had to suffer.
Rosebud red, rosebud on the heath.

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen
Ah, for your dewy wings

Ah, for your dewy wings,
West wind, how I envy you;
for you can bring him word
of what I suffer in separation!

The motion of your wings
Wakes quiet longing in the breast.
Flowers, meadows, wood and hill
stand in tears when you sigh.

But your mild, tender breath
cools the sore eyelids;
Ah, I would die of suffering,
Did I not hope to see him again.

Hurry then to my lover,
Speak softly to his heart,
But beware of making him sad
And hide my suffering from him.

Tell him, but tell it discreetly,
that his love is my life.
The happy feeling of both of us
Will bring him near to me.

Die Vögel
The Birds

Gretchen's Bitte
Gretchen's Prayer

O deeply-afflicted One, incline
Thy face graciously toward my distress!
With the sword in Thy heart,
With a thousand sorrows
Thou beholdest Thy Son's death.

Thou lookest to His Father
And sendest sighs to heaven
for His and Thy distress.

Who can feel the gnawing pain
That is in my poor bones?
My poor heart's fears,
Its tremblings, its longings,
Thou alone knowest, Thou alone!

Wherever I go, What woe, what woe
Is in my bosom here!
I am alone; I weep and weep
My heart breaks within me . . .

Gretchen am Spinnrade
Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
never, never again will I find rest.

Where I am not with him
I am in my grave;
the whole world turns to bitter gall.

My poor head is in a whirl,
My poor thoughts are all distracted.
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
never, never again will I find rest.

I seek only him when I look from the
window,
I see only him when I leave the house.

His noble gait, his fine stature,
the smile on his lips, the power of his eyes,
and the magic flow of his speech,
the pressure of his hand,
and, ah!, his kiss!

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
never, never again will I find rest.

My bosom yearns for him.
If only I could seize him and hold him
and kiss him to my heart's content --
under his kisses, I should die!

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy;
never, never again will I find rest.

Der Musensohn
The Poet

To ramble through the field and forest,
to pipe away my little song,
so it goes from place to place!
And to my beat and to my measure
Everything moves.

I can hardly wait
for the first flower in the garden,
the first bloom on the tree.
They greet my songs,
and when winter comes again
I am still singing of that dream.

I sing it far and wide
over the length and breadth of ice,
and winter blossoms beautifully!
These flowers also vanish,
and new happiness is found in the
upland farms.

For when under the linden
I find the young people,
at once I excite them.
The dull boy struts,
the stiff girl turns to my melody.

You give wings to my feet
And drive over vale and hill
your loved one, far from home.
O dear, gentle muses,
when shall I rest again upon her
bosom at last?

Die Jodelle

COMING EVENTS

HUNGARIAN FOLK BALLET AND GYPSY ORCHESTRA.....Saturday, February 11
WILLIAM HALL CHORALE
"Solemn Vespers," "Requiem," by Mozart.....Sunday, February 12
JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET.....Friday, February 17
JULIANA MARKOVA, piano.....Sunday, February 19
"THE MAGIC FLUTE", cinema.....Wednesday, February 22

EL CAMINO COLLEGE AUDITORIUM
February 3, 1978

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ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Elly Ameling

The "devastatingly sensuous"* soprano from Rotterdam, Elly Ameling, has graced the leading stages of the world, making frequent recital and orchestral tours of Europe, South Africa, and the Orient. Since her American debut at Lincoln Center in 1968, the 'Dutch Nightingale' has made annual visits to the United States and Canada. Her spectacular operatic debut with the Netherlands Opera was as Ilia in Mozart's Idomeneo, a triumph she repeated in the spring of 1974 at the Kennedy Center.

Equally at home in the recording studio and on stage, Elly Ameling has recorded over sixty albums, earning the highest honors the recording industry can bestow. Renowned for her interpretations of Bach, Brahms, Faure, Handel, Mahler, Mozart, Poulenc, Schubert, Schumann and Wolf, Miss Ameling's sublime realizations of their greatest works, from song to symphony, have earned her accolades throughout the world.

Elly Ameling was born in Rotterdam, Holland. She studied singing there with Jo Bollekamp; in Scheveningen with Jacoba and Sam Dresden; and with Bodi Rapp in Amsterdam. Her other mentor was Pierre Bernac with whom she studied the French art song in Paris. Her career began when she won first prize at the Concours International de Musique in Geneva.

Miss Ameling has appeared throughout Europe, including performances with such orchestras as the Concertgebouw, the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the BBC Symphony in London, the English Chamber Orchestra, the Orchestra of the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, and the Berlin Philharmonic. She has performed in recital throughout Europe, South Africa and Japan.

*San Francisco Chronicle

Dalton Baldwin was born in the United States and studied at the Oberlin Conservatory and the Juilliard School of Music before going to Europe to work with Nadia Boulanger and Madeleine Lipatti.

It is Mr. Baldwin's belief that a true musical rapport, especially the intimate dialogue between the voice and the piano, can only be fully developed over a long period of collaboration. With that aim in mind, he has been permanent accompanist to the Dutch soprano, Elly Ameling, since 1970.

Dalton Baldwin is also accompanist for Gerard Souzay, with whom he has made over 50 records, many of which have been awarded international prizes. Among other artists with whom he has performed are Jessie Norman, Pierre Fournier, the Quartet Via Nova, and the late Jennie Tourel.

Mr. Baldwin gives frequent lectures on the art of accompaniment and devotes part of each season to teaching. Mr. Baldwin and Gerard Souzay give Master Classes in Geneva every summer for young performers from all over the world. This is the first phase in ultimately establishing an International Academy of Vocal Arts.

Whenever possible, Mr. Baldwin returns to the Himalayas and the wild life reserves of South Africa to replenish his need for natural beauty. Mr. Baldwin makes his permanent home in France.

ELLY AMELING notes. at L'Ermitage, 26 Oct 85.

drive car from Texas. my dear husband drove. including the unpaved, 45-mile Apache Trail. spent all afternoon at Norton Simon museum

tour ends in orient, Dec. 15. Norton Simon: buddha in garden Mr. Belderr. tour to Korea, Japan. Seoul; Pusan; one other.

Gila. more and more beautiful. Roosevelt Dam. in Arizona. cliffs, 1,500-feet straight down. Forest in New Mexico. grey deer. real cowboys herd of 100 cows and calves. took films and photos. Tortilla Flat (Pop. 6 (7)). between. east of P oneix. superstition mountains short vacation thailand. have been to australia (twice?) never to russia, though flew the half-hour over to moscow to see the Hermitage once from helsinki. never sang in russia and in china.

program abasador: gluck, aria from Paridi and Elena (Paris and Helen) Mozart 505 (with piano obbligato) sang that on first american visit, 1968, with Demus. at simon museum: painting of paris and helen

pianist for ambassador: rudolf jansen. mozart wrote it for nancy storace, the first susanna. schubert group: big songs: An den Mond (five minutes.)/ Wolf. Mignon & Philine. Goethe three or four strauss songs.

1969--.palo alto. 1970, first n.y. recital.

then: neville marriner and LACO. Then pasadena sym. Prof Paul at HuntLibe Prof. Paul at county museum of art.

easy way in which americans approach art, with a free mind, without awe (europeans: like fear, too much awe) art must be an inviting.

American audiences. react with feeling. not prejudice. only not of the song in quite a special. an enormous greed for all kinds of art Because yiu do it with sponsors, with private people. (subsidy) i*ts often made too easy. subsidy etoo easy sometimes.

vivid as your xxxx. the best only should survive. that sounds very harsh as apollo would look down. if you survive.

another interesting thing is

after-- that middle layer not so thick in my country (layer of good orchestras just below the top five)

so many people interested.

papers say unemployment in europe is greater

I started without a penny from my government. sold xxxxcalendars over the telephone. had to xxx thernr. I habe my knighthood, but not a cent.

but I was managed (by govt impresarios) for a 10% fee.

so warm in this country. they tell you. In rurope, a little more effort (don't leave out my laughs). japanese very modest. at end of evening, they let you know. they do not disturb your concentration. this is no critique. I only state facts.

here you have the old grey ladies. they get things done.

in europe they have the bureaucracy. concertgebouw. they found Chailly

sawallisch last year. sang four last songs. he talked for a long time.

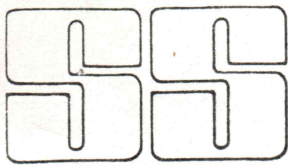
they told me they appreciated that. they all came to my room. I said if I have a (case of) beer tomorrow, will you play havlf as loud. And they did. they played like gods.

share the music. not me. I'll do my best.

me perf. will xxx I'm a servant. not very important if I fail.

my new crossover album. is out.

common sense. atlanta, shaw, nuits d'ete. obly 3 mikes only 1 for singer A catalyst of beauty. no scandals, no frustration. Boulanger: what music beautiful



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ELLY AMELING

Biography

The biography which follows is definitive and current as of June, 1981. We ask your cooperation in destroying any old biographies which you may have in your files.

One of the most universally beloved and acclaimed artists of our time, Dutch soprano ELLY AMELING is admired as the world's foremost female lieder singer.

Since her American debut at New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in 1968, Madame Ameling has made annual tours of the United States and Canada. In New York City, she has performed at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall, Kaufmann Concert Hall, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Hunter College and Alice Tully Hall. In March, 1978, she was presented on Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series, a concert so successful she was invited to give her own set of three recitals on this prestigious series during the 1979-80 season; she returned to the Great Performers Series for another recital in 1980-81. Madame Ameling has performed with the Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, National, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Vancouver and Toronto Symphony Orchestras, National Arts Centre Orchestra of Ottawa, Rochester Philharmonic and St. Paul and Los Angeles Chamber Orchestras. She is also a familiar guest artist at the important summer festivals, including Tanglewood, Ravinia, Hollywood Bowl, Caramoor, Temple University, Stratford, New York's Mostly Mozart Festival and Festival Casals in Puerto Rico. She toured Australia and the Far East in the summer of 1976, making repeat visits during the 1977-78 season; she returned to Japan in December, 1980. In June, 1979, she undertook her debut tour of South America, and returned in July, 1981.

Elly Ameling's 1981-82 season begins with a recital and a performance with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra at Festival Casals and further summer engagements at the Stratford Festival, Westminster Choir College, Indiana University and University of Wisconsin/Milwaukee. In the fall, she performs and records with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Edo De Waart. Her spring tour is highlighted by her first solo recital in Carnegie

Hall as well as recitals at Boston University, University of Chicago, St. Louis Conservatory & Schools for the Arts, Florida State University, East Carolina University, University of Maryland, Purdue University, The Cleveland Museum of Art and performances with the San Francisco and Baltimore Symphony Orchestras, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra and New York's Music Aeterna Orchestra. Of special interest are New York, Washington, DC and Boston performances with The Hague Philharmonic, under the direction of Hans Vonk. Celebrating 200 years of uninterrupted friendship between the United States and Holland, these concerts are under the sponsorship of Her Majesty Queen Beatrix of The Netherlands.

Elly Ameling was born in Rotterdam, The Netherlands. She studied singing there with Jo Bellekamp, in Scheveningen with Jacoba and Sam Dresden and with Bodi Rapp in Amsterdam. Another mentor was Pierre Bernac, with whom she studied the French art song in Paris. Her career began when she was awarded first prize at the Concours International de Musique in Geneva.

In addition to North America, Elly Ameling has appeared in recital throughout Europe, South Africa, Japan, Australia and South America. She has performed with the Berlin Philharmonic, Concertgebouw and Philharmonia Orchestras, BBC Symphony, English Chamber Orchestra and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The conductors with whom this artist has collaborated form a veritable Who's Who of distinguished maestri: De Waart, Dorati, Gielen, Giulini, Haitink, Jochum, Kubelik, Leinsdorf, Leitner, Muenchinger, Ozawa, Previn, Rudel, Susskind. After working with Elly Ameling, Ernst Ansermet described her thus: "A good voice is a blessing from somewhere above; Madame Ameling stands continually under this downpour, of which the romanticists would have said is of divine origin."

While Elly Ameling's personal preference is for the German lieder and French mélodies of her song recitals, she is truly at home in all forms of singing: chamber music, concerts with orchestra, oratorios and opera. She made her American operatic debut in May, 1974 at the Kennedy Center's Mozart Festival, singing Ilia in Idomeneo, the same role in which she was heard in her debut with the Netherlands Opera. Her versatility also encompasses the modern repertoire, and among contemporary composers whose works she performs are Britten, Dallapiccola, Frank Martin, Menotti, Poulenc and both Bertus van Lier and Robert Heppener of her native Holland.

Elly Ameling records for Philips, Columbia, RCA, London, DGG, Angel, Peters International, EMI, Odeon, Harmonia Mundi, Iramac, Donemus and BASF. Her list of recordings is as impressive as it is endless, and she has been awarded most of the world's most eagerly coveted honors, including the Grand Prix du Disque, Edison Award, Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik and Stereo Review Record of the Year Award. Most recently, her Philips recording of Brahms lieder won the 1979 Edison Award, while her two-disk album of the complete Mozart songs, also on Philips, was given the 1979 Opera News Best of the Year award.

Recent releases include a two-disk Schumann recital with pianist Jörg Demus on Philips and "Think on Me," an unusual recording of songs by Dvorak, Liszt, Wagner, Nin, Poulenc, Hahn and Gershwin, with pianist Dalton Baldwin on Columbia. Soon to be issued are Philips recordings of the complete Haydn songs with pianist Jörg Demus and another album of Schubert lieder with pianist Irwin Gage, Columbia recordings of Fauré and Debussy with Dalton Baldwin and "Christmas with Elly Ameling," featuring Mr. Baldwin and various instrumentalists, and a Nonesuch recording of Wolf's Italienisches Liederbuch with baritone Tom Krause and pianist Irwin Gage.

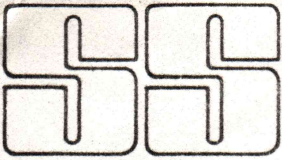
Elly Ameling has received an honorary doctorate from the University of British Columbia. For her services to music, she has been honored by her native government with knighthood: Ridder in de Orde van Oranje Nassau.

ELLY AMELING, Soprano

The Dutch soprano Elly Ameling has won world-wide acclaim as the foremost female interpreter of German lieder, French melodies, and indeed, the song literature of many nations and all musical eras. Born in Rotterdam, she began her vocal studies with Jo Bollenkamb, continuing them in Scheveningen with Jacoba and Sam Dresden, in Amsterdam with Bodi Rapp, and in Paris with Pierre Bernac.

Her career began after she won first prize at the Concours International de Musique in Geneva, and has taken her to concert stages and opera houses all over Europe, South America, the United States, Canada, Japan, Australia and South Africa. The many orchestras she performs with regularly include the Berlin Philharmonic, the Philharmonia Orchestra, the English Chamber Orchestra, the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and many of America's finest ensembles, as well as the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra in her native Holland. She has sung under the baton of many a distinguished conductor -- among them, De Waart, Dorati, Gielen, Giulini, Haitink, Jochum, Kubelik, Leinsdorf, Ozawa, Previn, Rudel and Susskind. After a concert with the Dutch singer, the esteemed Ernst Ansermet was quoted as saying: "A good voice is a blessing from somewhere above; Madame Ameling stands continually under this downpour, of which the romanticists would have said it is of divine origin."

Elly Ameling has made many recordings for the Phillips and CBS labels, several of which have been awarded the Grand Prix du Disque, the Edison Prize, the Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik, and the Stereo Review Record of the Year Award. For her services to music, she has been honored by the Dutch government with a Knighthood in the Order of Oranje Nassau.



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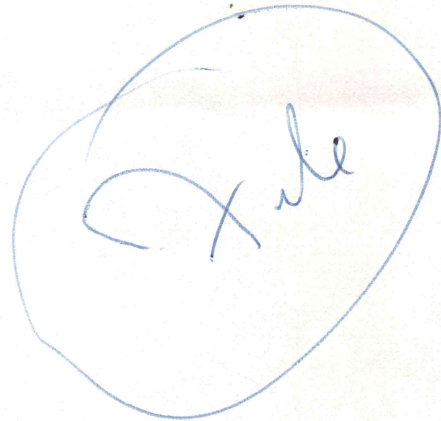
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ELLY AMELING

Biography



The biography which follows is definitive and current as of May, 1978. We ask your co-operation in destroying any old biographies which you may have in your files.

Since her American debut at Lincoln Center in 1968, ELLY AMELING has made annual tours of the United States and Canada. In New York City, Miss Ameling has appeared at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 92nd Street YM-YWHA, Hunter College and Alice Tully Hall, where she returned on the Great Performers Series in March, 1978. She has performed with the Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, National, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Toronto Symphony Orchestras, National Arts Centre Orchestra of Ottawa, St. Paul and Los Angeles Chamber Orchestras, opened the Caramoor Festival in both 1974 and 1977 and was soloist with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem during its annual Bach Festival in 1975. Miss Ameling toured Australia and the Far East in the summer of 1976, making repeat visits during the 1977-78 season, and performed in South America in the winter of 1977. Highlights of her 1978-79 season are performances with the Rochester and Fresno Philharmonics, St. Paul and Los Angeles Chamber Orchestras and the Vancouver and Pasadena Symphonies. Prestigious recital performances include The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City and both the Berkeley and Santa Barbara campuses of the University of California as well as major appearances in Detroit, Louisville, Milwaukee, Birmingham, Miami Beach and East Lansing.

Elly Ameling was born in Rotterdam, Holland. She studied singing there with Jo Bollekamp, in Scheveningen with Jacoba and Sam Dresden and with Bodi Rapp in Amsterdam. Another mentor was Pierre Bernac, with whom she studied the French art song in Paris. Her career began when she won first prize at the Concours International de Musique in Geneva.

Miss Ameling has appeared throughout Europe, performing with the Berlin Philharmonic, Concertgebouw and Philharmonia Orchestras, BBC Symphony, English Chamber Orchestra and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She has performed in recital throughout Europe, South Africa and Japan. The conductors with whom this artist has collaborated form a respectable list of famous names in music of

our time: De Waart, Dorati, Gielen, Giulini, Haitink, Jochum, Leinsdorf, Leitner, Muenchinger, Ozawa, Previn, Rudel, Sawallisch, Schippers. After working with Miss Ameling, Ernst Ansermet described her thus: "A good voice is a blessing from somewhere above; Madame Ameling stands continually under this downpour, of which the romanticists would have said it is of divine origin."

While Elly Ameling's personal preference is for the German lieder and French mélodies of her beloved song recitals, she is truly at home in all forms of singing: chamber music, concerts with orchestra, oratorios and opera. She made her American operatic debut in May, 1974, at the Mozart Festival at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC as Ilia in Idomeneo, the same role in which she was presented in her debut with the Netherlands Opera. Her versatility also encompasses the modern repertoire, and among contemporary composers whose works she performs are Britten, Dallapiccola, Frank Martin, Menotti, Poulenc and both Bertus van Lier and Robert Heppener from her native Holland.

Elly Ameling records for Philips, Columbia, RCA, London, Angel, Odeon, EMI, Harmonia Mundi, Iramac, Donemus and BASF. Her list of recordings is as impressive as it is endless. She has been awarded most of the world's most eagerly coveted honors, including the Grand Prix du Disque, Edison Prize, Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik and Stereo Review Record of the Year Award. Her recording of Fauré's Requiem received the Record World Classical Critics Citation for 1976. In 1974, Miss Ameling recorded the complete mélodies of Gabriel Fauré with baritone Gérard Souzay and pianist Dalton Baldwin. A similar project dedicated to the songs of Francis Poulenc was undertaken in the summer of 1977.

Recent releases include her fifth all-Schubert disk and a recording of German Romantic Songs. Soon to be released are the complete songs of Mozart and a disk of Brahms lieder on Philips, Mahler's Symphony No. 4 with Andre Previn and the Pittsburgh Symphony on Angel and an album of international songs on Columbia.

For her services to music, Elly Ameling has been honored by her native government with knighthood: Ridder in de Orde van Oranje Nassau.

University of Southern California
School of Performing Arts
School of Music
present

ELLY
AMELING

Dalton Baldwin, piano

USC Bing Theater
Sunday, June 26, 1977
8 pm

Since her American debut at Lincoln Center in 1968, ELLY AMELING has made annual tours of the United States and Canada. In New York City, she has appeared in Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, in recital at Alice Tully Hall, Carnegie Hall, Hunter College, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art where she will begin her fall tour this October. She has performed with the Boston Symphony, the Chicago Symphony, the National Arts Centre Orchestra of Ottawa, the symphony orchestras of San Francisco, Toronto and Cincinnati, the National Symphony of Washington, D.C., the California Chamber Society of Los Angeles, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra both in St. Paul and on tour, opened the Caramoor Festival in 1974, and was soloist with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem during their annual Bach Festival in the spring of 1975. Miss Ameling has just returned from a recital and concert tour of Australia and the Far East, will perform in South America this winter, and makes her debut with the National Orchestra of Mexico in March. Miss Ameling's North American tour this season extends the entire width of the continent from Florida to Alaska.

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Miss Ameling has appeared throughout Europe, including performances with such orchestras as the Concertgebouw, the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the BBC Symphony in London, the English Chamber Orchestra, the orchestra of the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, and the Berlin Philharmonic. She has performed in recital throughout Europe, South Africa and Japan. The conductors with whom this artist is working form a respectable list of famous names in music of our time: De Waart, Dorati, Gielen, Giulini, Haitink, Jochum, Leinsdorf, Leitner, Muenchinger, Ozawa, Rudel, Sawallisch, Schippers. After working with Miss Ameling, Ernst Ansermet described her thus: a good voice is a blessing from somewhere above; Madame Ameling stands continually under this downpour, of which the romanticists would have said... it is of divine origin.

While Elly Ameling's personal preference is for the German Lieder and French Mélodies of her beloved song recitals, she is truly at home in all forms of singing---chamber music, concerts with full orchestra, oratorios, and opera. She made her American operatic debut in May, 1974, at the Mozart Festival at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., as Ilia in *Idomeneo*, the same role in which she debuted with the Netherlands Opera. Her versatility also encompasses the modern repertoire. Among the contemporary composers whose work she performs are Britten, Dallapiccola, Frank Martin, Menotti, Poulenc; and Bertus van Lie and Robert Heppener from her native Holland.

Elly Ameling records for Philips, RCA, London, Angel, Odeon, EMI, Harmonia Mundi, Iramac, Donemus, and BASF. Her list of recordings is as impressive as it is endless. She has been awarded most of the world's eagerly coveted honors, including the Grand Prix du Disque, the Edison Prize, the Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik, and the Stereo Review Record of the Year Award. In her own country she has been knighted: Ridder in de Orde van Oranje Nassau. In 1974, Miss Ameling recorded the complete melodies of Gabriel Fauré with baritone Gérard Souzay and pianist Dalton Baldwin---works she performed at Aix en Provence during the summer of that year. A similar project dedicated to the songs of Francis Poulenc is scheduled for the summer of 1977. Recent releases include the Fauré *Requiem*, Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben*, and her fifth Schubert recital disk.

9 rights

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert

Im Fruehling
Fruehlingsglaube
Gott im Fruehlinge
Das Lied im Gruenen

II

Die Forelle
An Silvia
Heimliches Lieben
Der Einsame
Liebe schwaermt auf allen Wegen
Die junge Nonne

Intermission

III

Ellens Drei Gesaenge
Raste, Krieger
Jaeger, ruhe von der Jagd
Ave Maria

IV

Lachen und Weinen
Du liebst mich nicht
Liebhaber in allen Gestalten
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Seligkeit

Philips, RCA, London, Angel, Odeon, EMI,
Harmonia Mundi, Iramac, Donemus, BASF
SHELDON SOFFER MANAGEMENT, INC.
130 West 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

Im Fruehling (In Spring)

Quietly I sit on the side of the hill: the sky is so clear; the breeze plays in the green valley where I in the first light of spring once was so happy; where I walked at her side, so intimate and so near, and deep in the dark rock-spring saw the beautiful heaven, blue and bright, and saw her in that heaven.

See how the colorful spring already looks out of the buds and blossoms! Not all the flowers are the same to me, I like best to pick from the branch from which she picked! For all is as it used to be, the flowers, the fields; the sun shines no less brightly, no less cheerfully floats in the spring the blue image of heaven.

Only the will and the fancy change, pleasure turns to strife; the happiness of love flees away, and only love remains behind—love and alas, sorrow! then I would stay in the branches here and sing a sweet song about her all summer long.

Fruhlingsglaube (Faith in Spring)

The soothing breezes lightly play, and murmur and blow by night and day; new life waking where they're ranging, where'er they're ranging. O perfumes fresh, O music glad! O music glad! Now thou poor heart no more be sad, all things to beauty now are changing, all things to beauty now are changing. The earth grows lovelier ev'ry day, unmark'd she dons more rich array, and flow'rs increase here ever; increase here ever; in the furthest, deepest vale. E'en in the deepest vale, do thou, poor heart, forget to wail; all things to beauty now are changing, all things to beauty now are changing.

Gott im Fruehlinge (God in the Spring)

In its resplendent coat you have sent us the Spring, his head crowned with roses. Sweetly smiling, here he comes! The Hours are escorting him O Lord, to his flower-decked throne.

He comes to bushes and they bloom; the meadows receive their fresh greenery; the woods are given back their shadows, the west-wind caressingly spreads its thawing wings, and every happy bird is singing.

O birds, let my song join with the gentle chords of your chanting as they rise up to God. Delight transports me! I will praise the Lord in song who made me what I am!

Das Lied im Gruenen (The Song in the Green)

To the green, to the green, the Spring calls us, that lovable boy! And leads us with flower-covered staff out there, where the larks and blackbirds alert, to forests, to fields, to hills, to the brook, to the green, to the green.

In the green, in the green, life is so gay, we love to stroll casting our glance already from far, and as we wander with cheerful hearts, we are in a mood of childlike joy, in the green, in the green.

In the green, in the green, you find such rest, you sense such beauty, at leisure recalling this moment and that, like magic removing all that casts down, while conjuring up what delights, in the green, in the green.

In the green, in the green, the stars shine so bright—as those that the sages of old would commend for our conduct. Here clouds sail past us so fine, the heart cheers, the sense becomes clear in the green, in the green.

In the green, in the green, many a plan was carried on wings; the future was robbed of all foreboding; the glance is strengthened, the view delights; softly wishes rock to and fro, in the green, in the green.

In the green, in the green, in the morn and eve, in friendly peace grows many a tune and idyll, too, with a hymn often crowning the poet's light vein, for easy the attraction, receptive the heart, in the green, in the green.
 I loved it already when I was a boy and later a youth, and learnt, and wrote, and read in Horace and Plato, then Wieland and Kant, and with glowing heart considered myself blessed in the green, in the green.
 To the green, to the green, let us gaily follow the friendly youth! When, one day life is no longer green we at least had the green years so young, and when it was time, had happiest dreams, in the green, in the green.

Die Forelle (The Trout)

In a bright little stream, in joyous haste, a playful trout flashed past me like an arrow. I stood by the shore and in sweet contentment I watched the little fish bathing in the clear stream.

A fisherman with his rod stood on the bank and coldly watched the trout's windings. So long as the water—I thought—remains clear, he will not catch the trout with his line.

But at last the thief grew impatient. He treacherously dulled the clear stream, and before I could think it his rod quivered and the fish was struggling on his hook. I felt the blood stir within me as I looked at the cheated trout.

An Silvia (Who is Silvia)

1. Who is Silvia? What is she? That all our swains commend her? Holy, fair and wise is she; the heaven such grace did lend her, that admired she might be.

2. Is she kind as she is fair? For beauty lives with kindness; love doth to her eyes repair, to help him of his blindness; and, being helped, inhabits there.

3. Then to Silvia let us sing, that Silvia is excelling; she excels each mortal thing upon the dull earth dwelling: To her garlands let us bring.

Heimliches Lieben (Secret Love)

O you, who when your madd'ning lips but touch me, a thrill of rapture seems to come and clutch me, and stir within my soul a nameless throbbing akin to sobbing! My eyes on fire, hot cheeks with blushes burning, my heart is beating wild with speechless yearning, my soul goes mad, my drunken lips but stutter, no word, no word can utter. What fierce wild magic such an hour discloses, your willing lips, as sweet and soft as roses, that kiss me when your precious arms have found me, wrapt fast around me. O that my soul may not escape you wholly, but ever glow in yours, to keep it solely! O that our burning lips be never sated, nor separated, O that your kiss may free me and absolve me, and not destroy my being and dissolve me, and that your heart, with mine forever meeting, for me be beating.

Der Einsame (Solitude)

When my fancies roam at night by the warm hearth, I sit with contented mind communing with the flames, at ease and carefree.

I gladly stay awake happily watching the fire. When the flames die I rake the embers to sparks, and ponder, and think: Another day gone!

What joys and sorrows it brought go once more through the mind; only the sorrows are discarded, that nothing disturb the night.

Slowly one prepares for pleasant dreams, when the carefree soul is filled with fair visions and gentle pleasures, one yields to sleep.

How I revel in my peaceful rusticity! Things that enslave the foolish heart in the haste of the noisy world, give no contentment.

Chirp on, dear cricket. In my little cramped cell, I gladly put up with you. When your song breaks the silence, I am not entirely alone.

Liebe schwaermt auf allen Wegen (Goethe) (Love Throngs Every Path)
Love throngs every path; faithfulness lives for itself alone; love rushes up to you, faithfulness has to be sought out.

Die junge Nonne (The Young Nun)

How the howling storm rages through the tree-tops! The rafters creak, the whole house trembles! Thunder rolls, lightning flashes, and the night is as dark as the grave.

Let the storm rage—so it raged in me but a short while ago. Life roared as the storm does now; my limbs trembled, as the house now trembles; love flared as the lightning now flares; and my heart was as dark as the grave.

Rage on, wild and mighty storm, in my heart there is peace and repose. The loving bride awaits the bridegroom—she is purified in the testing fire and betrothed to eternal love.

I await you with longing, my Saviour! Come, heavenly bridegroom, to claim your bride, deliver my soul from its earthly bonds.

Listen—how peacefully the bell sounds from the tower! Its sweet sound calls me powerfully to the eternal heights. Hallelujah!

Ellens Drei Gesaenge (Ellen's three Songs) from Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*
Raste, Krieger (Soldier, rest)

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
dream of battlefields no more, days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall, hands unseen thy couch are strewing, fairy strains of music fall, every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warefare o'er, dream of fighting fields no more; sleep the sleep that knows no breaking, morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear, armour's clang, or war-steed champing, trump nor pibroch summon here mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come at the day-break from the fallow, and the bittern sound his drum, booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near, guards nor warders challenge here, here's no war-steed's neigh and champing, shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Jaeger, ruhe von der Jagd (Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done)

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; while our slumbrous spells assail ye, dream not, with the rising sun, bugles here shall sound reveille.

Sleep! the deer is in his den; Sleep! the hounds are by thee lying; Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen, how thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, think not of the rising sun, for at dawning to assail ye, here no bugles sound reveille.

Ave Maria (Ave Maria)

Ave Maria! maiden mild! Listen to a maiden's prayer! Thou canst hear though from the wild, thou canst save amid despair. Safe may we sleep beneath thy care, though banish'd, outcast, and reviled; Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer—Mother, hear a suppliant child! Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled! The flinty couch we now must share shall seem with down of eider piled, if thy protection hover there. The murky cavern's heavy air shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled; then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer; mother, list a suppliant child; Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled! Foul demons of the earth and air, from this their wonted haunt exiled, shall flee before thy presence fair. We bow us to our lot of care, beneath thy guidance reconciled; hear for a maid a maiden's prayer, and for a father hear a child! Ave Maria!

Lachen und Weinen (Laughing and Weeping)

Laughing and weeping at all hours comes, in the case of love, from so many causes. In the morning I laughed for joy; and why I now weep in the evening light is unknown even to myself. Weeping and laughing at all hours comes, in the case of love, from so many causes. In the evening I wept for grief; and why thou canst wake in the morning with laughter, I must ask of thee, o [my] heart.

Du liebst mich nicht (You Do Not Love Me)

My heart is torn, you do not love me! You let me know, you do not love me! Though I came to you, pleasing, pressing my suit, bestowing loving attentions, you do not love me! You have spoken, said it in words, said it all too precisely, you do not love me! So must I forgo the stars, the moon and even the sun — you do not love me. What is it to me if the roses bloom, or the jasmin, or if the narcissi bloom, you do not love me!

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten (A Lover In Any Guise)

Would that I were a fish, so nimble and swift; if you came angling I'd not keep you waiting. Would that I were a fish, so nimble and swift. Would that I were gold, always in your pay; if you made to buy something I'd come running out at once. Would that I were gold, always in your pay. But I am what I am, so just accept me! If you want something better you must carve it out for yourself. I am what I am, so just accept me!

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe) (Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel)

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; never, never again will I find rest. Where I am not with him I am in my grave, the whole world turns to bitter gall. My poor head is in a whirl, my poor thoughts are all distracted. My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; never, never again will I find rest. I seek only him when I look out of the window, I seek only him when I leave the house. His noble gait, his fine stature, the smile of his lips, the power of his eyes, and the magic flow of his speech, the pressure of his hand, and his kiss! My peace is gone my heart is heavy; never, never again will I find rest. My bosom yearns towards him. If only I could seize him and hold him and kiss him to my heart's content—under his kisses I should die! My peace is gone, my heart is heavy.

Seligkeit (Blessedness)

Joy and peace and love bloom in Heav'n above; Angels fly around there, harps and strings resound there. Up to Heav'n to soar! joy for evermore! All are sanctified by a heav'nly bride; dancing, playing, singing, joyful voices ringing. Up to Heav'n to soar! joy for evermore! Yet I'll stay awhile, here with Laura's smile; for her look has told me, here she'd like to hold me. So I much prefer, here to stay with her.

Mozart -

Shoun - serenade

Dutch folk song
and
its female Dance
w/ aly.

ELLY AMELING will appear in solo recital in the El Camino College Auditorium on Friday, February 3, 1978. Please call (321-4324) for information.



ELLY AMELING

DISCOGRAPHY

BACH:	CANTATAS BWV 51 & 199 German Bach Soloists/Winschermann	6500.014
BACH:	CANTATAS BWV 32 & 57 Hermann Prey, baritone; German Bach Soloists/ Winschermann	6500.080
BACH:	CHRISTMAS ORATORIO Fassbaender, Laubenthal, Prey; Chorus & Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio	6703.037
BRUCKNER:	SYMPHONY NO. 7; TE DEUM IN E MINOR Netherlands Radio Chorus; Concertgebouw Orchestra/ Haitink	802.759/60
MAHLER:	SYMPHONY NO. 2 Netherlands Radio Chorus; Concertgebouw Orchestra/ Haitink	802.884/5
MAHLER:	SYMPHONY NO. 4 Concertgebouw Orchestra/Haitink	802.888
MOZART:	ELLY AMELING SINGS MOZART English Chamber Orchestra/Leppard	6500.006
MOZART:	OPERA AND CONCERT ARIAS Dalton Baldwin, piano; English Chamber Orchestra/ De Waart	6500.544
SCHUBERT:	LIEDER ON TEXTS BY GOETHE: FOUR MIGNON LIEDER; THREE SONGS OF THE HAPISTS; OTHER LIEDER Hermann Prey, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano; Karl Engel, piano	6500.515
WOLF:	EXCERPTS FROM THE ITALIENESCHES LIEDERBUCH Dalton Baldwin, piano	802.919
WOLF:	MORIKE LIEDER Dalton Baldwin, piano	6500.128

NEW YORK'S WQXR PROGRAM GUIDE

March 1982 • Two Dollars

Ovation

The Magazine for Classical Music Listeners

Elly Ameling and the
Intimate Art of Song

H. C. Robbins Landon
Considers Haydn's
250th Birthday

Bringing Haydn's Operas
to Life

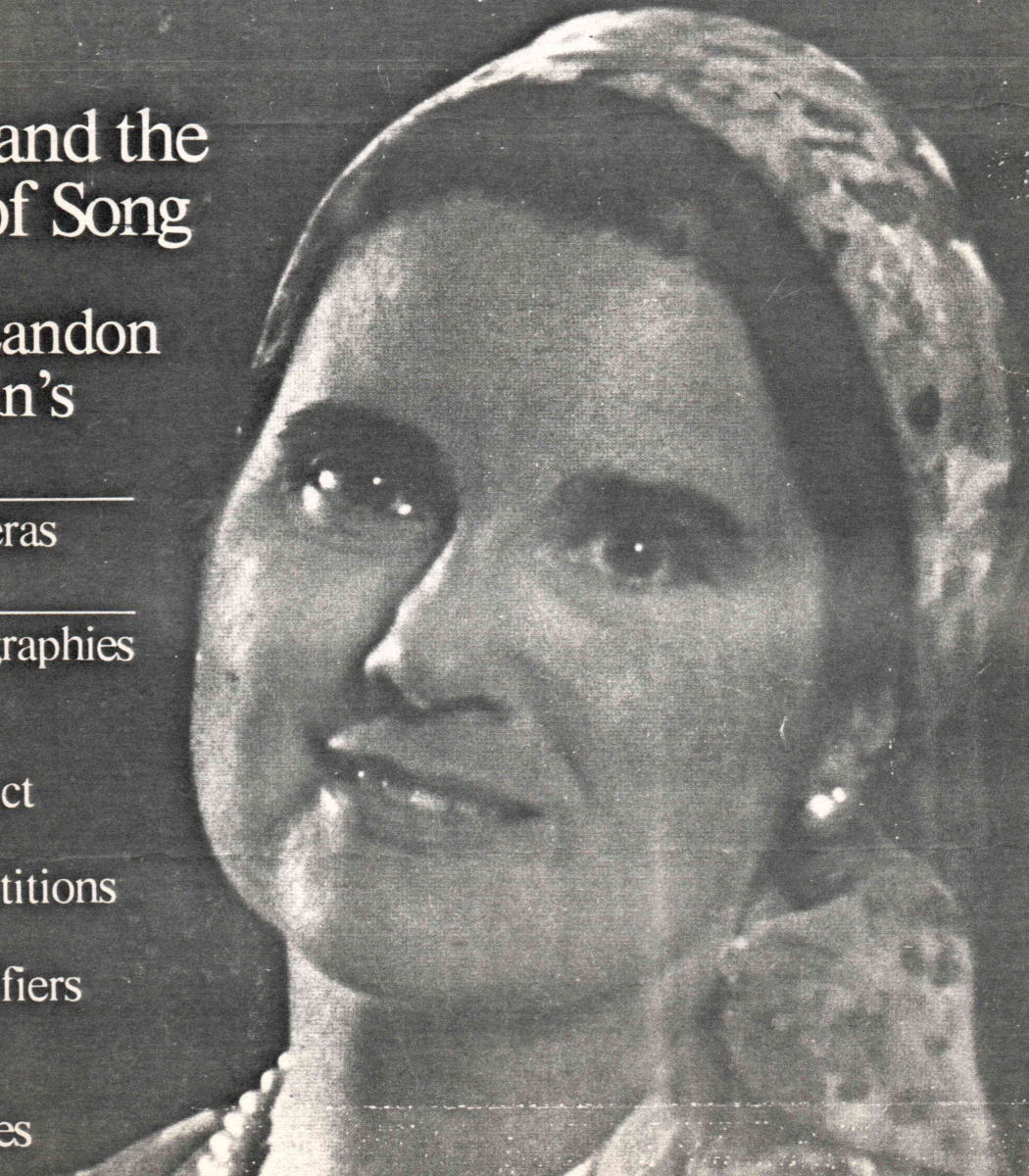
Landon's Haydn Biographies

Confessions of a
Chamber-Music Addict

In Defense of Competitions

Buyer's Guide: Amplifiers

Reviews of Records
and Live Performances



Grammy Award Nomination

THINK ON ME

Columbia Records Masterworks

With so many favorite composers, the Dutch artist still keeps exploring for new material. "Sometimes I find things myself in a library; other times people find things I want to use. Looking in the library in Amsterdam once I turned up three fables of Andre Caplet, an intimate of Debussy. I went to Pierre Bernac for coaching, and Bernac had never seen them. He recited them for me and set the mood. They are great, but you rarely come upon exciting new material." When asked if she sang many American songs, the soprano looked away, "I'm so ashamed. My next recital in New York — the one after this one at Carnegie — I promise I'll do a group of Barber songs along with a group of Dutch composers. I think Barber composed gorgeous songs, and I've just finished a five-record anthology of Dutch songs. I've always wanted to do more American songs, and Leontyne Price's recital last spring convinced me. I love her section of American songs by Ned Rorem, Barber and Lee Hoiby. Her high A in the Rorem song was unforgettable as was the whole concert. Now I am determined to do it."

Those who attend Miss Ameling's recital at Carnegie Hall should not be surprised if she speaks to them as well as sings. For years she has given spoken introductions to groups of songs if she feels there is a point of view she wants to give the audience. "It's important in some cycles to give my background on some poems before they hear me sing. It gives them a perspective on my thinking. Take Faure's cycle '*La bonne chanson*.' The harmonies are very dense. When you explain that within two bars he changes key six times, it helps the public understand the sound. It's also helpful in that cycle to give some background on Verlaine, the author — when he wrote the poetry and how the poet and composer met. Or take the 'Mignon' songs of Wolf and Schubert. Both composers have composed the songs in completely different orders. Schubert really has no order, but Wolf put the songs together in a certain way. And who is Mignon? Certainly not the figure in Thomas' opera who sings, '*Connais-tu le pays?*' She is tender of soul and quite mysterious, and I love to say so." Miss Ameling does her short introductions in French and German in those countries as well as English in English-speaking countries. "I think it gives a personal feeling. You come half way down from Olympus and meet the audience. They always seem to like it."

At an Elly Ameling recital the artist may be accompanied by one of four well-known pianists: Dalton Baldwin, Joerg Demus, Rudolf Jansen or Irwin Gage. As do most *lieder* singers, she regards her work with the pianists as a collaboration. "The human soul and

mind interact onstage in wonderful ways. We inspire each other. And every performance is very different. The pianist has two bars of opening to Schubert's '*Gretchen am Spinnrade*.' If the pianist is nervous, I start much more nervously. I'm almost always inclined to think that the tempo is too fast, but I try to find a modus of adjustment for the two of us. A new creation onstage can happen if a word suddenly, unexpectedly gets shifted to a new phrase. That's marvelous — if it works."

Miss Ameling was willing to characterize each of her accompanists. "Demus is a pure instrumentalist. He looks at all music, even vocal music as instrumental. Rhythm, exact and precise, is critical to him. Jansen is good at the organ and cembalo as well as piano. He and I are compatriots, and both had the same teacher, Felix de Noble. We have the same temperament. We know what the other one wants before he or she suggests it. Maybe it's because we're Dutch. Baldwin is an authority on French music. He has a loving calm, or should I say a calm lovingness. I'm perfectly at ease with him. He has a lyrical radiance about him. Gage has great imagination, especially in German *lieder*. He's performed it extensively in Vienna, and he's a great stimulus to my inventiveness."

Joerg Demus helped Miss Ameling very much in her thinking about recordings. "One day I was complaining because we had to have another take of a serious song. I said, 'How can I do it?' Comedy I can do a million times, but not tragedy. 'How can I find the mood without an audience?' 'But Elly,' he said, 'I am your most grateful listener.' Since then I think of my accompanist as an audience, and when I'm with an orchestra, that they are very much my audience. Even the crew and producer — when they listen as they usually do — give you a 'live' feeling. It makes recording so much less sterile."

Again and again Miss Ameling returned to her desire to communicate with her audience. "Making music involves the total personality," she said. "You're nude when you give out your music in a *lieder* recital. And you put so much more of yourself in the people you create in one recital than if you were working with one dramatic character. When I'm Gretchen in Schubert's song or seeking the mood of '*Mondnacht*,' I am unavoidably visible — the whole me. I may be an awful exhibitionist in fact. I've never thought of it that way, but who knows?" she said, smiling. "Maybe I like disclosing myself." Her 'exhibitionism' is of a rare kind — an artistic honesty inspiring all who hear her. □

It's a pleasure to welcome two sets of immense discographic importance this month. In commemoration of the 250th anniversary of Haydn's birth, Philips has issued a splendid traversal of 49 of his 56 little-known songs by Elly Ameling and pianist Joerg Demus. Although limited to strophic form, these gems exhibit almost Schubertian variation and characterization (Philips 6769 064, 3 discs). The performances are superb, as are those on Ameling's lovely collection of songs (and a Scarlatti cantata) on Christmas themes with pianist Dalton Baldwin and a small instrumental ensemble (CBS Masterworks 36677). Haydn is also represented by the American debut of the impressive Varsovia Quartet in his Op. 76, No. 3 and Op. 3, No. 5 (Pro-Arte PAD-11Z, digital).

New and Noteworthy

by Paul Turok

Music People



Dr. Elly Ameling

◀ With her programs of *lieder*, Dutch soprano Elly Ameling has been getting A+ grades from audiences on college campuses throughout the U.S. and Canada. Recently she was rewarded for her well-received performances with an honorary degree

Music



Peter Schaaf

"'Seligkeit' or 'Ständchen' give me goose pimples."

Elly Ameling's Calling Is Lieder

By JOHN ROCKWELL

Elly Ameling's very lack of novelty attests to her centrality in our musical life. In other words: the Dutch soprano and lieder specialist is giving a recital at Alice Tully Hall this afternoon, the first of three there this season. This is nothing new; indeed, Miss Ameling's frequent annual appearances here, in song recitals and with orchestras, have

become commonplace.

What is not commonplace is her artistry. Over the decade in which she has been appearing in this country and making records for major international labels, Miss Ameling has won a place for herself as just about the most respected and beloved lieder singer we have. Certainly the most respected female lieder singer, since Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau still commands an almost mystical following.

But Miss Ameling is a different sort

of singer from Mr. Fischer-Dieskau, and indeed from Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, who dominated our image of female lieder singing in recent years. Both these performers are intellectual artists, for all the passionate devotion that Miss Schwarzkopf in particular brought out in her fans. Miss Ameling seems to be a healthier, simpler, more heartwarming sort, the kind of singer who may bring intelligence to her work, but who still captivates an audience first of all on an emotional level.

She herself thinks she's both an instinctual and an intellectual singer. Curled up in a chair in her midtown hotel room a few days ago, Miss Ameling tried to find a place for herself between those two poles, speaking in a lightly accented if sometimes not quite idiomatic English.

"My instinct seems to work very vividly," she began, breaking into one of her frequent laughs. "Which is proved by the fact that I can have goose pimples with a simple song like 'Seligkeit' or 'Ständchen' — *real* goose pimples! But I know very well that I want this softer and that louder, that I *bring* it to an audience, and that is of course an intellectual process.

"What other lieder singers do I think of as models or admire? Well, 'admire' is a good word, but 'model' is bad, because I hope to be myself. I've admired both instinctual singers like Elisabeth Schumann and intellectual singers like Schwarzkopf. Those two ladies mean a lot to me. And there is Kathleen Ferrier, who to everybody must have seemed a very instinctual singer, one who sang right from the heart. Of course, is there anybody who doesn't admire Fischer-Dieskau? And there is Gerard Souzay, who is very beautifully balanced between instinct and intellect. The audience may eventually find out how the music works, but the moment you give your song to them, they should just think it's beautiful."

Miss Ameling was born in Rotterdam in 1938 and lives now in a house between Amsterdam and Rotterdam with her husband, to whom she was married in 1964. Her choice of lieder as a lifetime career came early, soon after she was first exposed to Schubert in school at the age of 12.

She has sung and recorded an occasional operatic role — Mozart, Haydn and the like. "I don't have a Verdi or a Wagner voice," she says simply. But after a few experiments with opera in the mid-1970's, she's reverted again to song and orchestral appearances: approximately 50 percent of her time is spent with lieder recitals, 25 percent with orchestral appearances (some oratorio, mostly orchestrally accompanied songs) and 25 percent recording.

"I think of lieder as my calling, my profession," she said. "There are so many good opera singers, but there are not many people who try to devote their time and their attention to the art of the song. It's difficult for me to do opera. It takes big blocks of time. Technically, opera and lieder aren't that different. I think part of it has to do with the Dutch national character. We had artists who painted the insides of houses or even the insides of the human soul, with Rembrandt. It wasn't like the big gestures of a Titian or a Veronese. That's not so much in the nature of our people. With opera, you sing a big line. With songs, you bring out small details, because the whole song is small and consists of small details."

The wealth of song literature is

Continued on Page 16



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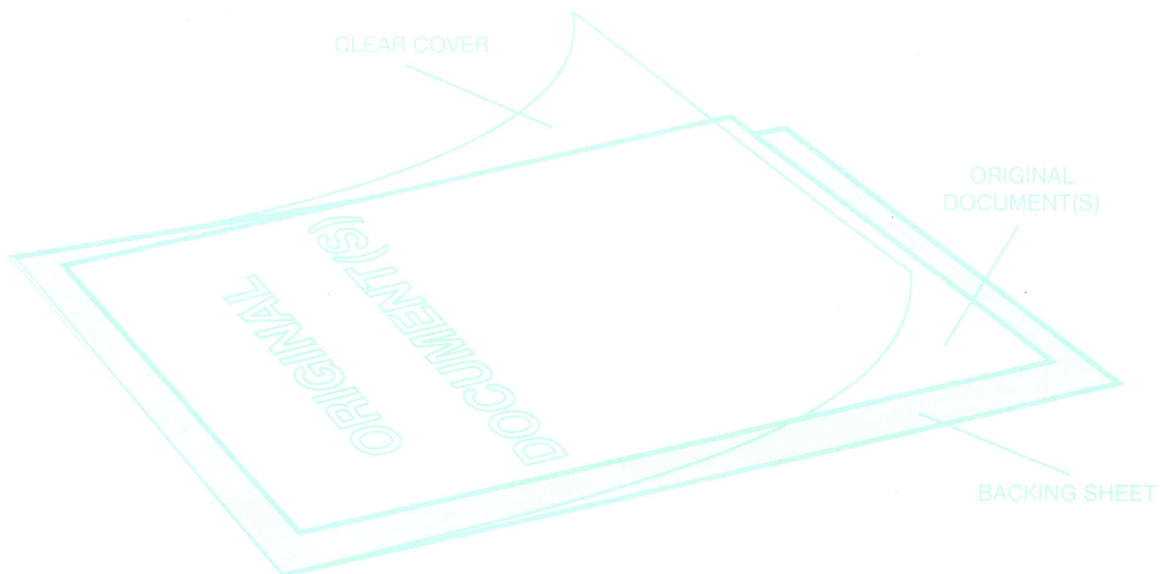
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ELLY AMELING

ITINERARY - MAY-AUGUST, 1975

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CITY</u>	<u>AUSPICES</u>
May 1, 3, 5	Chicago	University of Chicago (with Jorge Demus)
May 9, 10, 16, 17	Bethlehem, Pa.	Bach Festival (with Choir of Bethlehem)

The Lass With *clip file* The Delicate Lied

By STEPHEN E. RUBIN

ELLY AMELING is, much like her lieder singing, rather direct, to the point and natural. Much unlike her sister sopranos, Miss Ameling is not fearful of the elements—she bathes daily in ice cold water and is titillated by the rigors of wintry weather. The singer recently even smoked her first cigarette and liked it—a giant No-No in the vocal community. There is nothing indulgent or pampered about this lady or her art.

Donal Henahan summed up the matter when he wrote in *The Times* last summer: "Every now and then even the hardest of traditions needs an energizing jolt, and for the tradition of the German lied it is becoming clear that Elly Ameling is just such a stimulant." Since her debut here in 1968, the singer has nurtured a following that is small, vociferous and cultish. It is by no means universal because, like a number of artists whose audience is limited but wildly devoted, Miss Ameling's art is a taste that must be acquired. Her lyric voice is pure and seamless, but it is neither large, nor does it contain much innate color. Her manner of delivery is charming and forthright, but it is not a star turn.

Matters of taste aside, the soprano has been unanimously applauded for making the most of her resources and for being a consummate musician. She has also been hailed for a facility to communicate the essence of a song and for never stressing vocal values over textual ones. In this ability, she has been called a true lieder singer. One thing is sure: The sometimes self-effacing and fragile demeanor she displays on stage is nowhere in evidence as she sits in a straight-backed chair in her cramped and ugly 57th Street hotel room, dressed in a simple skirt and sweater ensemble.

While out to offend no one, the soprano does have her opinions and is not averse to throwing a discreet pebble or two at the thrones of some of today's lieder singing monarchs. "Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is a scholar, he knows everything," Miss Ameling says in Dutch-accented, slightly halting English. "He's looked into all elements of the musical things, and makes them very clear to me—which does not mean that he always moves me."

"Dieskau works with beautiful insight into the music, but not in the very first place with his heart—if I, as a little singer, may say that to a giant. I also



Elly Ameling, who sings Saturday at the Met Museum.

"My credo: to sing the composer, not to sing Ameling."

Alix Jeffry

feel the same way about Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. She's also a great scholar, not as natural as one might wish, but it is mastership. But when I want to be moved more in singing, I always turn back to Gérard Souzay. I can't say that he doesn't think things out. He does; but he keeps it all under the beat of his heart, under the warmth of his heart. This is really great!"

Miss Ameling, who will be appearing on Saturday with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra at the Metropolitan Museum, might be described as having a very simple credo: To sing the composer and not, as she says, to sing Ameling. This outlook is much in keeping with her choice of Dalton Baldwin as accompanist. The American pianist is light years away from the meek-fingered tinklers who do nothing but tickle the keys in a barely audible display of reverence toward the singing half of the partnership.

"That's so old-fashioned," the soprano laughs. "The pianist should project as much as the vocalist, and be allowed to bring his thing to the last row of the audience." Miss Ameling is eternally grateful to the critic who, in describing their music-making wrote, "He played to her, and they both played to the thought."

A friendly woman in her mid-thirties, the artist is both scornful of the formal traditions of the lieder evening and fearful that they pose a barrier between herself, her listeners and the music. That is why she employs few if any of the typical gestures, but is not at all shy about introducing groups of songs with enlightening tidbits of information delivered in a low-key, easy manner, something rarely if ever heard in this city.

"Otherwise you feel like one of the the muses on top of Mount Olympus," Miss Ameling explains. "You're in the clouds, and the audience is at the bottom and cannot struggle its way up. If you leave the clouds and come half way down, they can come half way up and you meet."

Her lack of hauteur no doubt stems from the fact that Miss Ameling never planned to (Continued on Next Page)



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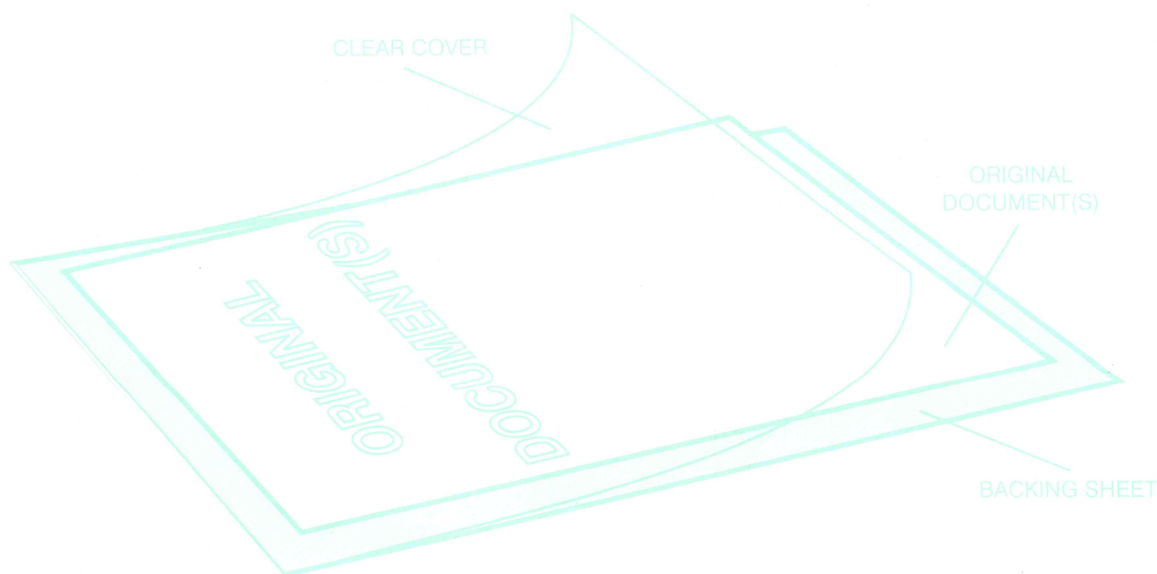
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The Lass With the Delicate Lied

(Continued from Page 15)
become a professional performer. Singing, however, has been a part of her life since her infancy in Rotterdam. "I happen to know that my mother sang to me then. Psychologically, that goes very deep. When I grew up, we sang together. And then I sang in my classes. When I finished high school, I wanted to have singing lessons because I felt it would be good

fully, but I can manage everything from Monteverdi to Alban Berg."

Currently, Miss Ameling's career encompasses lieder recitals throughout Europe and the U. S., orchestral engagements and a busy recording schedule. In 1964, the soprano married a man who has since taken over her family's jewelry shop in Amsterdam. Miss Ameling cannot understand of what value it would be to

"I don't let myself be pushed into things," she says with much laughter. "But why should I not do opera? The reason I didn't earlier is that in my country, where I spend so much of my life singing, our tradition lies in the symphonic and chamber music fields and maybe even lieder, but not opera. We are not at all Italian, let me put it that way. So when I studied I never had the idea of doing opera."

tions of her smallish voice, she cannot sing too many roles. The ones she favors are Mélisande, Manon, Zerlina, Despina and the Countess. She also realizes that "although I would like to do opera here and there, I would never give up one lieder for it."

Her devotion to the art of song is becoming linked more and more to this country. "The possibilities of communicating with an audience here, be it in a big city or a small college, are so easy," Miss Ameling reports with delight. "I find that you as a people react to music naturally with your whole being—brains and heart. In Europe, you have the idea that they come to do justice to their critical sense toward or against a singer. Their brains are always at work, but where is the readiness to receive music?"

It is precisely because of the American attitude, particularly on the part of young people, that Miss

Ameling is not the voice of doom predicting, as so many do, that lieder singing is a dying field. "Oooh, how can you say that!" she explodes. "Maybe there are not more lieder singers now because things are a little more outward in every field of life. There's little patience to go into the delicate specialties."

"We are still being influenced by the highpoint of romanticism. People like Mahler and Bruckner did it to us—but they brought us something very beautiful too. There can be a world of art and enjoyment in the big great lines and in much sound. But this changed our mentality. We were no longer natural, everything was becoming artificial, built up big. People thought that technical things would bring happiness, but they didn't. Now people are longing to go back to nature before it's too late. In finding our way back to naturalness, we'll find our way back to the lieder, you see."

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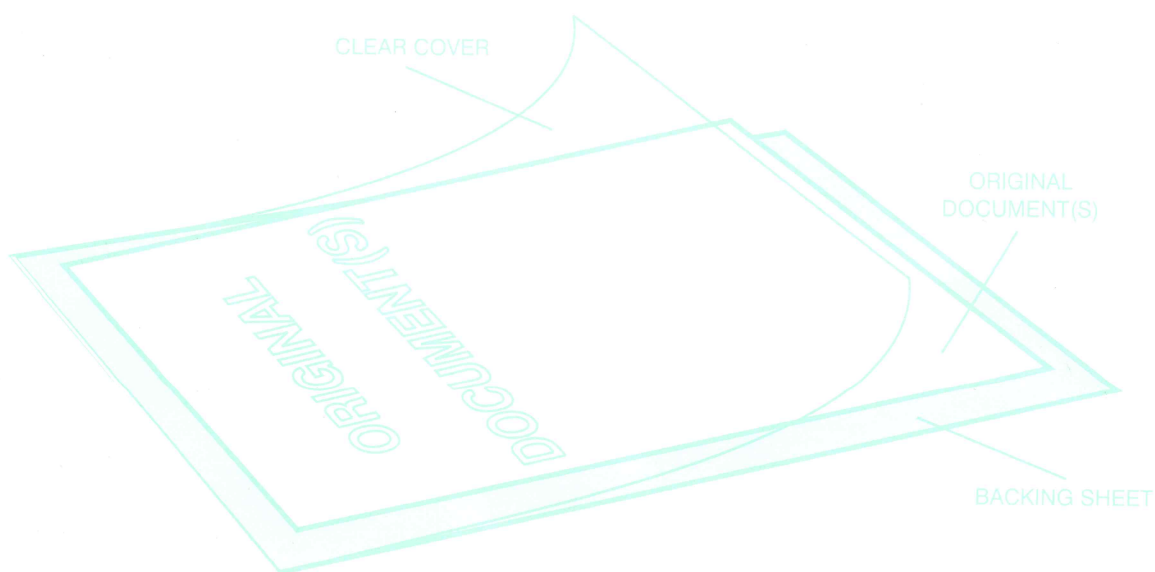
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ELLY AMELING

ITINERARY - JANUARY - APRIL, 1975

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CITY</u>	<u>AUSPICES</u>
February 7	Weston, Mass.	Weston County Evening Series
February 10	Storrs, Conn.	University of Connecticut
February 15	St. Paul, Minnesota	St. Paul Chamber Orchestra
February 17	Waverly, Iowa	Wartburg College (with St. Paul Chamber Orchestra)
February 19	Urbana, Illinois	University of Illinois (St. Paul Chamber Orchestra)
February 23	New York City	Hunter College

Elly Ameling

The Intimate Art of Song

by Speight Jenkins

Talking with Elly Ameling is like walking through a park in the spring. Perhaps it's her Dutch nationality, but her fresh, honest way seems particularly close to nature and quite removed from the sophistication of the international, jet-setting artist. She sings naturally, too. At an Ameling recital, one gets the feeling of one-to-one communication, as if in conversation. Not that the soprano does not rise to emotional heights with strong volume, but she never overstates her case, never indulges in the grand statement for its own sake. If this sounds even a trace dull, it is not. And her enthusiastic, loyal following proves her appeal. She has built her American audience over the past decade to the point that her name on a billboard means a "sold out" sign, whether the advertisement is in Ann Arbor, Austin or New York.

Our conversation took place in the soprano's hotel room just before she went back to Holland for a vacation. She lives near Amsterdam "in the heart of Holland. Our property has 19 windmills on it, and cheese is made by our neighbors just across the stream." Married since 1964, she does not include her husband Arnold in her concert life. "The only thing I will say about him is that he manages the home front and that his business is jewelry. When we married, I agreed that I would never involve him in any publicity connected with me." Miss Ameling has two dogs (whippets) to which she is eager to return, but no children. "I couldn't take the responsibility of two jobs. As much as I love my art, it's not all sunshine and roses. Sometimes you miss things, such as children. I take

consolation in giving birth every night to new material."

The soprano speaks with the fluency of a native-born American. When asked about it, she laughed. "The English don't like it so much I can tell you. But I always say the American accent comes about because I'm in the U.S. most of the time I speak English. I don't try to get an accent. It's just natural for me. Recently I finished a record of Haydn songs in English for Philips. [See this month's "New and Noteworthy."] Afterwards I felt I had a hot potato in the back of my throat." In response to a blank look she smiled and said, "When you learn English as a foreigner, the 'th' and the varieties of 's' are difficult. They are infinitely more important when you sing, and the feeling when I have sung lots of your language is that sense of a potato. English you see, is placed furthest back in the throat. In order of forwardness the languages are Italian, French, German and then English. Look at French politicians. They never open their mouths as much as the Germans, but in English you not only open your mouths, you stick out your tongues, particularly in that hateful 'th.'"

Miss Ameling is very concerned about diction, and virtually every word in her recitals can be understood. Besides Dutch and English, she speaks fluent French and German along with a "handful of Italian. Italian opens everything up. An 'a' is always 'ah,' and 'o' is always 'oh.' The trick in any other language is to keep the vowels open and yet make the sound appropriate to that language." The soprano sets a high standard for herself. She believes that her diction should be clear in consonants as high as a G sharp or an A (most opera singers say an E or F), and that her vowel sounds should go even higher. "Expression must come across, words or no. The vocalises of

Rachmaninoff and Ravel move me very much. You must make your voice a beautiful instrument like the cello, but it must sound very human."

The breadth of Miss Ameling's repertory will be apparent on the 14th of this month when she offers her first recital at Carnegie Hall. "The program will be somewhat like my recent record, 'Think on Me,' a selection of favorite songs by a huge variety of composers, sort of an 'Elly Ameling Sings Your Favorites' kind of program." Included besides the inevitable Schubert, Schumann and Mozart will be some cabaret songs. "These are songs near to the people, and I love them." The idea that one of the most celebrated *lieder* singers of our time is only now singing her first Carnegie recital seems strange. "Maybe it's because I feel so wonderfully happy in Tully Hall [Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall]. They gave me this celebrity series in which I could sing three recitals in one season. In that situation you begin to know your audience, and it feels so comfortable. I have sung in Carnegie actually — once in a joint recital and once with the St. Louis Symphony — but this is my first solo turn."

The size of the hall does not worry the soprano. "In Amsterdam we have the Concertgebouw, seating around 2000, and a small hall there for 500. I have sung in both, and I have the same feeling in that large hall that I do at Carnegie. If someone didn't tell me how big it is, I wouldn't know. The acoustics are so good I feel in the middle of everybody. I don't have that feeling at Kennedy Center or at Avery Fisher Hall, but I do at Carnegie."

The soprano has every right to have strong feelings about many different halls; few sing more recitals. At the time of our conversation she said she was carrying in her head three all-

Speight Jenkins, the host on Texaco's "Live from the Met" series in 1981-82, writes and lectures nationally on musical subjects. He is a contributing Music Editor of Ovation.

"I'm so happy being twenty different personages in one evening and changing so fast from one mood to another that I won't take the time out for opera. You know, in lieder you address yourself straight to the audience . . . To me, the direct approach is uplifting."

Schubert programs, one of Schumann, two or three of Hugo Wolf, one Brahms, a whole Faure evening and a general French evening, plus, of course, any conceivable combination of these works. "If you ask me to sing them tomorrow, it would be a little complicated but next week, yes."

Her *lieder* career began right at the beginning. "When I began singing, I was thrown into oratorios and very luckily had the opportunity to make a Schubert record called 'Schubertiade.' It made a success. In fact, I believe it is still available 16 years later [Quintessence PMC 7099]. I was so happy it worked, because when I was a child I loved best to sing *lieder* — Schubert, Schumann — and also," she smiled, "the songs of Deanna Durbin. Maybe I was drawn to *lieder* by my nationality. We're not people of broad gestures. Rembrandt was certainly not a miniaturist but the inner glow is what counts with him, not the outer gestures of a Rubens. I like to dig out the psychological meaning of different characters in a song and figure out how to communicate this to audiences."

With all her *lieder*, Miss Ameling has had little time for opera. "But I love acting. It's a wonderful feeling to be able to express yourself not only with your voice but also with your body. You do not *not* do that in concert. The slightest gesture you make is noticed, particularly in this country where the audiences are very wide awake. I have done some opera here — an *Ilia* in *Idomeneo* under Julius Rudel at the Kennedy Center, and some Mozart in Holland. But I'm so happy being twenty different personages in one evening and changing so fast from one mood to another that I won't take the time out for opera. You know," and she paused, "in *lieder* you address yourself straight to the audience, whereas in opera you address yourself to a colleague with an audience on the side. To me, the direct approach is uplifting."

Ask most managers and they will tell you that the art of *lieder*, along with the solo recital, is dying. Miss Ameling disagrees. "I just read a speech written by Julia Culp, a Dutch singer who had just about finished singing by 1930. She said then, 'Everybody tells me the art of the *lied* is dead. But my halls are full . . . I'm not saying that I can fill the Metropolitan Opera for a recital; by its nature concert singing is for a more

select group. But to prove *lieder's* life, just look at my recitals on university campuses. The students are burning to learn art, and they tell me they're willing to struggle with languages to learn everything. They ask intelligent questions and the audiences in the hall understand what I do; they laugh at the right moment, at the right word, at the right syllable. They also give you the right emotional silence, which means they live it with you." She paused, shook her head, and said, "It's just not my experience that *lieder* is dead. Now if you say there are not many *lieder* singers, that's something else. But there never have been too many successful ones at any one time."

Miss Ameling first came to the United States in 1968 with a group of artists for a Lincoln Center concert. They sang Mozart arias with Joerg Demus at the piano. In 1970 she returned for her first solo recital at Alice Tully Hall. Ever since, she has immensely enjoyed singing in this country. "People ask me why I spend so much time every year in the United States. In London once I heard an interview with an artist who was asked why he liked so much to perform in America. 'When you have success in America,' he said, 'people tend to enjoy it with you. When you have success in England or on the Continent, people tend to be jealous.'"

"The European attitude is to judge you as opposed to other singers or even to judge you as opposed to other periods of your life. In the United States and Canada they come to appreciate the performer. That doesn't mean they accept all. They know what they hear and are very able to formulate what they like and dislike. If it is good, great; if not, they will let you know it, often very subtly. The understanding in America came out very well a year or so ago when I gave a recital here in New York the day after one by Mirella Freni. A music critic pointed out the good in both recitals — what the opera singer could do and what the *lieder* singer could do. You don't find that kind of understanding in Europe, because they don't have the ear for the smallest nuance. They have been bombarded by big things. In America both the voice and the nuance are appreciated."

Miss Ameling's respect for

American audiences extends to the whole country. "I present virtually the same program everywhere. I am always overwhelmed not only at the appreciation but that people will drive up to 400 miles to hear a recital. I do almost always sing one or two cabaret songs in small places because they go over very well."

She does not sing everything. "Some composers and some kinds of songs I do not have an affinity for. For instance, those that represent a special culture, such as the Hebraic songs of Ravel and Milhaud, or the whole wonderful field of the spiritual. In the United States I sing few Russian songs because you want them in Russian, and I don't know the language. I might sing Tchaikovsky or Rachmaninoff in Russian because they tend to give a general mood, but definitely not Mussorgsky which is very specific on the words. I love to sing his 'Nursery Songs' — but in German. Every word counts in the child's world. The critics here say, why should I sing them in German when I could use English or Russian? I think the German translation is excellent, but no one wants to sing something that the press is sure to remark about. I do my 'Nursery Songs' in central Europe, Sweden and Holland and leave them off in the U.S."

Asked about why so few Mahler songs appear on her programs, the soprano said, "I think most Mahler songs have to be done with orchestra. I love his folk songs, but," and she paused, "often Mahler does so much to folk melody that it's not really an art song and not a folk song either. With Brahms folk songs I'm more comfortable. He did far less with them." Miss Ameling feels very different about the songs of Alban Berg. "The 'Seven Early Songs' are very Wagnerian and I love that, yet they also have some elements of operetta in them which I love as well. The whole set is filled with variety — from impressionism to the most dramatic moments of 'Die Nachtigall.' " One composer very close to Miss Ameling's heart is Schubert. "With him there is a natural flow of melody. The singer has little to add — and should add very little. Schubert speaks to young and old and touches everybody, because he's nature itself. He said once, 'With feelings in my heart I don't like to merchandise. I give it out as it is in me.' A very perceptive comment."

With so many favorite composers, the Dutch artist still keeps exploring for new material. "Sometimes I find things myself in a library; other times people find things I want to use. Looking in the library in Amsterdam once I turned up three fables of Andre Caplet, an intimate of Debussy. I went to Pierre Bernac for coaching, and Bernac had never seen them. He recited them for me and set the mood. They are great, but you rarely come upon exciting new material." When asked if she sang many American songs, the soprano looked away, "I'm so ashamed. My next recital in New York — the one after this one at Carnegie — I promise I'll do a group of Barber songs along with a group of Dutch composers. I think Barber composed gorgeous songs, and I've just finished a five-record anthology of Dutch songs. I've always wanted to do more American songs, and Leontyne Price's recital last spring convinced me. I love her section of American songs by Ned Rorem, Barber and Lee Hoiby. Her high A in the Rorem song was unforgettable as was the whole concert. Now I am determined to do it."

Those who attend Miss Ameling's recital at Carnegie Hall should not be surprised if she speaks to them as well as sings. For years she has given spoken introductions to groups of songs if she feels there is a point of view she wants to give the audience. "It's important in some cycles to give my background on some poems before they hear me sing. It gives them a perspective on my thinking. Take Faure's cycle *'La bonne chanson.'* The harmonies are very dense. When you explain that within two bars he changes key six times, it helps the public understand the sound. It's also helpful in that cycle to give some background on Verlaine, the author — when he wrote the poetry and how the poet and composer met. Or take the *'Mignon'* songs of Wolf and Schubert. Both composers have composed the songs in completely different orders. Schubert really has no order, but Wolf put the songs together in a certain way. And who is Mignon? Certainly not the figure in Thomas' opera who sings, *'Connais-tu le pays?'* She is tender of soul and quite mysterious, and I love to say so." Miss Ameling does her short introductions in French and German in those countries as well as English in English-speaking countries. "I think it gives a personal feeling. You come half way down from Olympus and meet the audience. They always seem to like it."

At an Elly Ameling recital the artist may be accompanied by one of four well-known pianists: Dalton Baldwin, Joerg Demus, Rudolf Jansen or Irwin Gage. As do most *lieder* singers, she regards her work with the pianists as a collaboration. "The human soul and

mind interact onstage in wonderful ways. We inspire each other. And every performance is very different. The pianist has two bars of opening to Schubert's *'Gretchen am Spinnrade.'* If the pianist is nervous, I start much more nervously. I'm almost always inclined to think that the tempo is too fast, but I try to find a modus of adjustment for the two of us. A new creation onstage can happen if a word suddenly, unexpectedly gets shifted to a new phrase. That's marvelous — if it works."

Miss Ameling was willing to characterize each of her accompanists. "Demus is a pure instrumentalist. He looks at all music, even vocal music as instrumental. Rhythm, exact and precise, is critical to him. Jansen is good at the organ and cembalo as well as piano. He and I are compatriots, and both had the same teacher, Felix de Noble. We have the same temperament. We know what the other one wants before he or she suggests it. Maybe it's because we're Dutch. Baldwin is an authority on French music. He has a loving calm, or should I say a calm lovingness. I'm perfectly at ease with him. He has a lyrical radiance about him. Gage has great imagination, especially in German *lieder*. He's performed it extensively in Vienna, and he's a great stimulus to my inventiveness."

Joerg Demus helped Miss Ameling very much in her thinking about recordings. "One day I was complaining because we had to have another take of a serious song. I said, 'How can I do it?' Comedy I can do a million times, but not tragedy. 'How can I find the mood without an audience?' 'But Elly,' he said, 'I am your most grateful listener.' Since then I think of my accompanist as an audience, and when I'm with an orchestra, that they are very much my audience. Even the crew and producer — when they listen as they usually do — give you a 'live' feeling. It makes recording so much less sterile."

Again and again Miss Ameling returned to her desire to communicate with her audience. "Making music involves the total personality," she said. "You're nude when you give out your music in a *lieder* recital. And you put so much more of yourself in the people you create in one recital than if you were working with one dramatic character. When I'm Gretchen in Schubert's song or seeking the mood of *'Mondnacht,'* I am unavoidably visible — the whole me. I may be an awful exhibitionist in fact. I've never thought of it that way, but who knows?" she said, smiling. "Maybe I like disclosing myself." Her 'exhibitionism' is of a rare kind — an artistic honesty inspiring all who hear her. □

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